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TO MY PATRON SAINT.

Oh, long and weary are the vigils life does give me,
In its tiresome journey which I must ever roam,
Till drifted, tempest-tossed and beaten by the sea
At last I safely reach the haven, Heaven's home.

This world is full, indeed, of fair hopes perished,
And oh, how fleet is man's poor flitting breath;
But that deep soul, with which my life is cherished
Surely will survive what we call death.

You cannot cease, my patron saint, to love me,
And you will hear this far off cry of mine,
In your heavenly home so far above me,
Where all the happy spirits sing and shine.

Pray for the client, thou in your far dwelling,
Beyond the pilgrim moon, beyond the sun,
Where all the saints do raise their voices swelling
The raptured chorus, Heaven's benison.

Ravish my soul as with divine embraces—
Teach me to lead a life that's pure and true—
With pledge of new delights in heavenly places
Entice my spirits there to dwell with you.

I. F. Z, '97.

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE human voice is the most perfect instrument of music. In endowing man with this noble organ God, without doubt, not only wished to provide him with one more evidence of the soul within, but likewise desired to furnish His intelligent creatures with another means of praising and glorifying their Creator. Singing the praises of God has ever been very pleasing to the Lord, as the Holy Scriptures testify in many places. David, the royal psalmist, chanted the praises of Jehovah as shepherd on the lonely mountain-pastures of Judea and as king in the streets of Jerusalem, and nowhere do we find record of a man more singularly loved and favored by God. Singing was always a prominent feature at the public worship of the Old Law, and the singers to be employed in the temple were chosen from among the Levites.

The choirs of our Christian churches perform an office, nobler and more sacred in proportion as the celebration of the sacrifice on Calvary is superior to the symbolic sacrifices of the Jews. The choir represents the congregation, and their singing is the most perfect exterior homage that can be made to God. Since they are permitted to sing in His very presence, the music should be heavenly, as much as it lies within the power of man to compose. Church music is therefore exalted over profane music and presents greater probabilities to the genius.

The Church has repeatedly expressed her will regarding the nature of music to be employed and its manner of execution. Since she makes use of music at the sacred functions to give praise to God and to increase the splendor and solemnity

of His public worship, as well as the devotion of the faithful; it is plain that only music, calculated to effect these ends should be rendered. It must always be in harmony with the spirit of the celebration and befitting the sanctity of the house of God, in which Christ dwells.

The Catholic spirit of devotion, which is that of prayerful contrition, humble petition or of holy joy, must be expressed and fostered by the music. It is, therefore, but natural, that the Church has at all times bestowed special care on the music to be used at divine service. Her efforts to express her sentiments and teachings worthily and faithfully in melody has been accomplished in the invention and perfection of the Gregorian chant, which has been the music of the Church since Pope Gregory I. (590-604) introduced it as such. Of this form of music, the Protestant Thibaut says: "The Ambrosian and Gregorian melodies and intonations (as far as we know them) are truly celestial;—created by genius in the happiest ages of the Church and cultivated by art, they penetrate the soul far more than most of our modern compositions written for effect."

This method of singing, which is also called Plain Chant, seems archaic to us, because it is quite different from the modern forms of music, with which we are familiar; but it is the most simple and natural system of music known. It is strange to one who does not know anything about it, but its theoretical part, as far as the singer must know it, may easily be learned; it is unearthly only in as far as it is heavenly. It may, in fact, be sung by the entire congregation, though its wealth of meaning and sentiment can, of course, be more fully expressed by a trained choir. A clear voice, a delicate musical sensibility, and religious fervor are requisites for a good rendition of plain chant.

The wish of the Church that the greatest possible harmony should exist between the singing of the priest and that of the choir, is fully executed in the singing of the official music of the Church. It is truly sacred music because, being dignified and peace-breathing, it disposes the mind to devotion and to the contemplation of heavenly things. It interprets the text most faithfully and even conveys the spirit underlying a feast or function. It is also highly impressive and appeals to musically susceptible and religiously fervent natures no less through its simplicity than by its lofty and sacred character. It is a noteworthy fact that the people at the time of the "Reformation" strenuously opposed every attempt of the reformers to deprive them of the choral music, which they had learned to love. The prince-bishop of Mayence, at the time of Emperor Joseph II., when liberalism ran rampant in Austria and Germany, used the most drastic measures to substitute German songs for the Gregorian chant, but to no effect. At present, however, there is a strong prejudice against the Gregorian system among the majority of Catholics. A lack of Catholic spirit and a low taste of music account for it in a large measure, but a faulty and inexpressive rendition has also caused much of this apathy, which is but slowly waning.

To one who does not appreciate the soulful melodies of the Gregorian system, it seems monotonous music; because its melody proceeds generally through the seven principal tones of one octave with diatonic, and apparently uniform movement. Since choral music does not easily become an obstacle to devotion even for those who regard it as unimpressive, it is preferable to noisy and worldly singing which distracts the mind, although it would in this case leave the heart cold and the mind void.

Until the majority of Catholics can be educated to appreciate choral singing, until this music impresses them as sacred, grand and impressive music, it is permitted that those words of divine service which constantly recur and are therefore understood by the congregation, as, for instance, the Kyrie, Gloria, etc. of the mass, be interpreted to the people in music more conformable to our modern taste and ideas. But under no consideration dare this music be worldly, theatrical and profane; rather no music at all than such as would distract the worshipers, help to destroy the Catholic spirit in general, and, worst of all, be unworthy of the holy functions and the holy place.

Such music had intruded itself into the churches in the sixteenth century, and the Pope was about to banish all figured music from the Church. A genius, hardly less eminent in piety than in the knowledge of his art, the immortal Palestrina, then demonstrated by his renowned "Missa Papae Marcelli" that ideal church-music may be produced by polyphonic art. In his *a-capella* (purely vocal) style, Palestrina has produced works which are the marvel of men and surely the delight of angels. Paer, famous at his time as an operatic composer, on meeting with this music, exclaims; "This is the music which I have long sought, which my imagination could nowhere find, but which I knew, must exist." From the simple opposite or parallel movement of two voices to a most wonderful flow of eight voices, Palestrina's compositions are a grand, melodious and harmonious flood of music, which stirs and uplifts the soul. The fire of genius and the most ardent love of God penetrate all his compositions. His above mentioned "Missa Papae Marcelli" and that of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin (*Assumpta est Maria in Coelum*) are his most famous masses. They are the

highest ideal of Christian art. Beethoven, whose own masses are perhaps even more worldly than his sonatas or symphonies, says: "I prefer Palestrina, but it is nonsense to attempt to imitate him without possessing his genius and religious spirit." In thus informing us why he himself is incapable of producing ideal church-music, Beethoven does not tell us why he has written unworthy music for sacred use. We have reasons to surmise that he catered to the vitiated public taste instead of obeying the mind and will of the Church, of which, however, he may have been ignorant.

Even Wagner, whose music is the very opposite of Palestrina's, is "intensely delighted and feels an indescribably elevating pleasure in Palestrina." Mendelsohn's (non-Catholic) scathing remarks about the music he met with in Catholic churches are as well known as his enthusiastic praises of real Catholic church-music, whether choral or polyphonic.

The Palestrina style was brought to perfection by its inventor, but men of genius have from time to time appeared who produced compositions in this style hardly less wonderfully angelic than those of the master himself. Orlando di Lasso, the last and greatest of the Flemish school; T. Ludovico da Vittoria, a Spanish priest, who even rivaled Palestrina; and several Italian masters, notably Allegri, followed immediately after Palestrina. But Catholic spirit and musical taste became vitiated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and church-music suffered in consequence.

Simultaneous with the revival of Catholic spirit and energetic activity of Catholics in the arts and sciences in countries, where Catholic life had before been smothered by a sectarian or liberal government, notably in Germany, church-music entered upon another Palestrina period. Musi-

cians, as well as churchmen, saw the necessity of ousting Haydn's, Beethoven's, and Mozart's masses, but since not all choirs were capable of rendering the works of Palestrina, many able men set to work to produce new compositions, in which they sought to satisfy the modern craving for harmonious effects. This is, of course, not attained at the sacrifice of melody, for music has little value without it. The voices proceed according to the rules of contrapuntal art, all being almost equally important. In these two points the compositions of this school differ but slightly from those of Palestrina. But the themes of the former are not generally based upon a choral melody, nor is the harmony constructed upon one of the ancient church-modes, but upon the modern major and minor scales. They are not always purely vocal, but admit of beautiful and elaborate organ or orchestra accompaniment. Beautiful, deeply harmonious, and effective compositions with a richness of meaning and feeling have been written in this style. Witt, Piel, Haller, C. Greith, and Koenen are its more eminent masters. Their works are hardly less sacred and devout than those of Palestrina, and more pleasing to the average modern ear. No more impressive, dignified, and soul-stirring church-music can be imagined. Nor does it lack tenderness and warmth, elegance of phraseology, and richness of imagination.

This modern, or Caecilian school is essentially polyphonic, but it does not reject homophone music. It has no set of rules for composition other than those of the Church, which, though published years ago, are equally binding today. Pope Benedict XIV., in his famous letter to the Bishops of the papal states, forbids all worldly, profane, or theatrical music* It is needless to examine into

* "Nihil mundanum aut profanum aut theatrale resonet."

the reasons, which prompted the Church to proclaim these and similar regulations, for we know that she would not speak on the important matter of church-music without being clearly convinced of the correctness of her position. But these reasons are evident and we may mention them to understand more clearly why worldly, or theatrical music, dare not enter the house of God.

Music is "worldly" when instead of drawing the soul of God it fixes our thoughts and emotions on things of this world. Music cannot fail to do this when it is written and performed in march or dance time, so that people can hardly keep the feet quiet. Church music should not be grave and serious unless the occasion requires it, for we should serve the Lord with joy. But it should be a holy joy and not the gayety and noisy merriment of the world. We do not shout Hurrah! on Easter morn but sing Alleluja (Praise be to the Lord.) For the same reason, the music, which must always interpret and fructify the words of the liturgy, dare not be boisterous and extravagantly gleeful. Nor should it be extremely passionate. Love of God is not sentimental, the sorrow of a Christian not despair, and the fervent but humble prayer not the pleadings of a lover. A Kyrie must not be sung in the spirit of Schubert's Serenade. One meets with Kyries, however, that are evidently "inspired" by it.

Secondly, church-music dare not be "profane." Under this heading it is certainly forbidden to link the melody of folk-songs to *Tantum Ergo* or hymns of the Blessed Virgin. German and Italian folk-songs in America are appropriated by organists all over the country. It is worse than scandalous to hear tunes from some French or Italian opera in church. Though they should not fix our minds on the scenes of the opera, which is not at

all unlikely, it is against the sanctity of the place to sing an aria for an offertory.

Thirdly, church-music must not be "theatrical." This ruling of Pope Benedict XIV, if observed, would exclude many compositions from the church. Music is theatrical when it is evidently written for effect and applause. The masses of Haydn, Mozart (except the eighth mass in F and the ninth in D), Beethoven, and Cherubini are objectionable mainly on this point. Their high musical value is by far not sufficient reason for their execution at divine service. They may edify the people when performed in the concert hall, but they would only distract them in church and are not in harmony with the majesty and sacredness of the mass. Especially Haydn's interpretation of the text is ludicrously false. There are also numerous liturgical errors in these masses, and this is cause sufficient to exclude them. Compositions may also become theatrical by their renditions. Solos, duets, and choruses often cause people to turn around in church. They wish to observe the Soprano sing her tremuloes and shakes, which are perhaps but ebullitions of her own genius.

The modern French school offends less in this respect than the Italian, but its spirit is that of religious sentimentalism, and the masses of Gounod, etc., are therefore not ideal Catholic church-music, as many church-musicians of this country seem to think. The interpretation of the text is frequently not correct, and liturgical errors occur in some.

The great part of church-music not included in any category thus far mentioned is mere bosh. It has no musical value, being either grandiose, frivolous, sensuous, coarse, weak, or insipid. And neither the vocal nor the instrumental composi-

tions should have any of these qualities. But the music in most of our churches boasts of them. In country churches we are surprised to hear a German folk-song as *Tantum Ergo*, in wealthy and fashionable city churches we are no less surprised and even more pained to meet a tune from an opera in the guise of a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. In the former a march from a popular Music Album is played at the end of the service; in the latter Christmas services are begun with a march from the infamous Offenbach.

One cannot suppose that intelligent and earnest Catholics, especially priests, do not see the necessity of an immediate reform; for it is too apparent. They fear, however, that the greater number of the people would be so displeased with it, that they would be loath to attend church. This is underrating the loyalty and religious spirit of Catholics. They would not condemn the music which the Church wishes to introduce, before giving it a fair trial. They would understand it better than the theatrical music even at the first production, and it would grow in their appreciation with every subsequent rendition. But the people must be told the mind and will of the Church on this matter and the reasons explained to them why church-music must bear a distinctly sacred character. Priests, organists, and singers above all, must be taught to understand the Gregorian chant as well as polyphonic church-music. The key to the situation lies, therefore, with the colleges, normal and music-schools, and especially with the seminaries.

It is wrong to oppose the agitation for the reform of music in church on the ground that it is futile. It is true, quite a time may yet elapse till we shall hear true church-music throughout the country; but the time would be indefinitely post-

poned if those who recognize the necessity of a reform do not make efforts to bring it about. If the Church authorities would require the teachers of music in parochial schools, who are frequently organists, to be thoroughly acquainted with church-music, the teaching of which should be made obligatory, the next generation would be disgusted with the kind of music, which the people now wish to have in church.

Church-music is very difficult of rendition. No one ever said: "I understand choral music thoroughly and sing it with perfection." No choir ever boasted of rendering Palestrina perfectly. But it makes no greater demands upon the voice than the masses of Beethoven or Mozart. City churches which can command good musical talent should therefore be the first to present the grand compositions of Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Witt, Piel, Haller, etc., and also give the Gregorian music the place which it deserves at divine service. The glory of God and His Church, the sanctity of the house of God, and the majesty of the sacred functions would thereby be greatly promoted. Such music would elevate the musical taste of the people and imbue them with a healthy Catholic spirit, which guards them against sentimentalism and irreligion and helps them to lead truly Catholic lives.

A. F. WEYMAN, '97.



AD ASTRA.

Like precious gems profusely scattered o'er
The azure fields which open to our view,
The countless, twinkling stars in golden hue
Attract and charm the human soul for aye.

Though dead and cold and feelingless themselves,
Their contemplation sets our hearts ablaze,
Directs our thoughts with wonder and amaze
To things immense, eternal and sublime.

Such priceless gems like hope-inspiring stars
Are scattered o'er the surface of our globe:—
Those silent mounds that 'neath their verdant robe
Conceal the sacred dust of mortal men.

Like 'round a central sun the stars revolve,
These sacred hills concentre 'round one star:
That rock-hewn grave near Golgatha afar,
From which on Easter morn arose our Hope.

As men delight to watch those glittering specks
On high, thus angels guard with joy supreme
These hallowed mounds where they perceive a gleam
Of light of glorious immortality.

And as those glittering stars with mellow ray
Imprint their kiss upon the Christian grave,
They trace in silver lines for ev'ry brave,
Heroic soul this lofty epitaph:

For Eons undefined the golden stars
With ever undiminished splendor shine:
Thus all the just, upon the word divine,
Within My Father's realm will shine like suns.

D. A. B. '98.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

“This is a pleasant evening”, said Alfred to his youthful companion as they emerged from the dense grove which lay behind his father’s house. “Indeed”, replied Tom, “see how the moon sends her soft light upon this wide plain stretched out before us, and behold what dark shadows these mighty oaks cast. Let us hasten, that we may pass yonder woods before that big cloud rising in the west, covers the moon. I do not like to walk through a forest when it is dark; besides, our friends are expecting us at eight o’clock, and we have no time to spare.”

They had now traversed half the plain without passing any further remark, when Tom suddenly broke the painful silence and exclaimed in a somewhat apprehensive tone: “Behold, how swiftly that cloud has risen, if it continues to rise at such a rate, the moon will be hidden from our view ere we reach the forest.” This assertion proved indeed true; for hardly had they entered it, when the dragon-like cloud seemed to have devoured the the moon and would now swoop down upon the forest with its outspread sable wings.

“Remain here until I return”, said Alfred abruptly to Tom, who, without inquiring into the cause of his companion’s absenting himself, stood silent. Soon he heard the rustling of leaves and the crackling of branches, and when Alfred returned, he carried with him a large stick. “What do you mean with this”, asked Tom astonished. “You will find out immediately”, was the short reply; and while he held the stick at one end, requested his comrade to take a hold of the other. “Now follow me.” “Ha, ha, ha! this is a splendid

idea'', burst out Tom laughing heartily; "this thought would never have occurred to my mind." Alfred would seemingly not condescend to enlarge upon this subject; but if Tom could have seen his countenance, he would have discovered therein an air of importance over his ingenious invention. Thus guiding each other, they pursued their dark and winding path. But let us now leave these two visitors for a moment and at once pass over to the place of their meeting.

In a stately and brightly illumined cottage, we behold a number of young people with April-blossom cheeks and custard-pie smiles, apparently undecided to enter upon any formal merry-making. The object of their meeting is a farewell celebration to one of the fair sprigs of the place. When the appointed hour had arrived, it was found that Alfred and Tom had not yet made their appearance. One of the gentlemen present, Frank Garso, offered himself to go and escort the two expected participants that where to sing that night. Frank was a swaggering sort of a fellow, and on this occasion purported to be dressy, with a tall silk hat. He looked like a nicely polished kitchen-stove. With glowing cigars, Frank and his friend Godfrey stepped out into the night, not heeding the ebon cloud above their heads. Hardly had they entered the woods, when they heard the steps of two persons approaching. "Listen, whispered Frank, pressing his silk hat more tightly on his head," they are coming. Let us hide ourselves and surprise them when they pass." His companion readily consented, and after both had comfortably seated themselves behind a big log, they silently awaited the arrival of their friends.

Alfred and Tom had indeed approached very near, when the latter, who was constantly turning his eyes in every direction, suddenly stood still.

As he had not taken a firm grasp of the stick, Alfred lost his hold. He quickly turned around and said in a somewhat passionate tone: "What causes you to stop so sudden, there is nothing to hinder us from proceeding." "Hist! look to your right," uttered Tom in a subdued voice indicating great excitement, "do you see those two light spots flashing like the eyes of some wild animal behind that log, and that black object moving near by?" "Yes", muttered Alfred, having turned his eyes in that direction; "I see it prowling, surely some wild-cat." Tom taking hold of his companion's hand, entreated him to make a short circuit, so as not to be compelled to pass so near that dangerous enemy. "Fear not", replied Alfred encouragingly, "this is not the first time I encounter such foes. Give me that stick, as soon as you hear me strike, run; I shall follow you." All this was said in so low a whisper, that no person within the distance of only twenty feet from them could have understood it. Alfred, holding his stick ready to strike, now approached with the greatest caution. Having come sufficiently near he dealt a well-aimed blow, partly spent upon the log; but how great was his astonishment when he heard the piercing cry of a human voice! A cold shiver ran through his body. The supposed enemy arose, and the two gentlemen stood before him. Alfred stood motionless like a marble statue. Happily, he did not have to remain long in that unpleasant situation. Godfrey struck a match, to see whether Frank was seriously wounded. But, alas! he could not see his friend's countenance. The upper end of his silk hat was completely demolished and the other part was pressed down almost to his shoulders, so that his hair stood out above like the broom of a chimney-sweeper. On beholding this picture and besides recognizing his friend, Alfred's fear

vanished, and he, Godfrey and Tom, who had meanwhile approached, burst simultaneously into a violent laughter. After the unfortunate victim had extricated himself from his fatal visor, he, instead of censuring those who were laughing at his discomfiture, heartily joined in their merriment.

Since by this accident considerable time had been lost, they now took the shortest possible road and soon reached the cheery residence. On entering the hall, Garso purposely wearing his "stove-pipe" (for now it may justly be called so, since it was open on both ends), was met by an impetuous outburst of laughter. They all surrounded and entreated him to relate what had happened. But he pointed to Alfred, as being better able to perform this task. After much convulsive laughter, Frank took off the hat and looking at it significantly said in his usual dry and humorous manner: "You have rendered me a good service; had it not been for you, my skull would now be in a worse condition." This happening, doubtless, was the "hit" of the evening.

ILDEPHONSE J. RAPP, '99.

HOPE.

The icy hand of winter touched the fields,
The mountains, valleys, rivers. Nature all
Is desolate and dead. A copious fall
Of purest crystal flakes dead Nature shields.
Did Nature die?—To death she never yields,
Though captive held: she sleeps. Upon the call
Of lovely Spring escapes her prison wall
And fairer than before her sceptre wields.
Bewail not your departed friend. Mistake
Calm slumber not for death. He rests from strife,
From life's incessant turmoil. Angels sing
His praise of battles won. He will awake,
Enjoy in yon Edenic realms a life
Replete with bliss and breath eternal Spring.

H. F., '98.

THE PROBLEM IN "THE PRINCESS."

ALREADY fifty years ago the representative poet of the nineteenth century made the woman's question the underlying idea in one of his delicious poems.

In "The Princess" Tennyson has laid down the opinions prevalent in his day concerning the future woman. He touched upon several points in a mock-heroic vein but they have since become a reality. In the person of the Prince, Tennyson taught humanity his own correct views, the one only way of successfully solving this perplexing question. He clearly describes the proper sphere of woman, her attitude toward man, and the noble duty which is hers in the management of human affairs.

The prototype of the Princess is that "miracle of noble womanhood," of which the chronicle told that she bade defiance to the wish of the king, flew to arms and heroically conquered him in return for his love. The words of Lilia in answer to gallant Walter's question, "Where lives there such a woman now?" precisely express the manner in which Ida attempts to "raise woman's fallen dignity on an equal pedestal with man."

The Princess in the undertaking of her work, on the success of which "all the hope of half the world" is hinged, commits two mistakes. She disregards the opinion of those men that esteem woman their equal, though "like in difference," but starts from the supposition, that men regard them "either as vassals to be beaten or pretty babes to be dandled." Her erroneous theory is, that isolation from men and the acquisition of knowledge alone will qualify the gentler sex to

reach her ideal of womanhood,—that there shall be “Two heads in council, two beside the hearth, etc.

Ida forgets that it is not mainly knowledge and science, but rather the development of the moral qualities of truth, beauty, and love, which raises woman to her highest worth and excellence. She does not realize that it is as undesirable for gaining her end as it is impossible to rend the sacred ties of love uniting man and woman into one perfect whole, of which she is the noble half.

Schemes based upon such considerations must be utopian, must totter and fall as did the college of Ida. All along, the Princess is visibly working against Nature. By and by the true woman, concealed by the iron crust of unnatural resolutions, appears. After the contest, gratitude toward her gallant brothers, love for the innocent babe, esteem for the love of a mother, the voice of friendship, piety for a true, faithful lover with a wounded body and a more deeply wounded heart—all these noble passions like an irresistible phalanx assail and conquer the iron-clad forces of resolve, statute, and oath. The college is no more. Ida, all true woman, flings open the portals of her hospital.

And here what lovely scenes of noble womanhood does the poet draw before our vision. The graceful figure of Melissa, who would “not give three gallant gentlemen to death,” flits through the halls, and her radiant face beams forth a balm more wholesome than all medicine. The maidens having exchanged the study of the angle, star and rock, and all the rest for the gentle pursuit of charity, “the maid, not fair began to gather light and she that was became her former beauty treble.”

The highly repulsive, self-conceited charac-

ter of Lady Blanche is a type of those women that act a prominent part in the woman's question, not to elevate humanity but to immortalize themselves by their notorious rather than worthy action.

Lady Psyche is always a true woman. She admits that it is hard "when love and duty clash." And again: "I give thee to death, my brother! It was not I that spoke, but *duty*."

The different male characters in the "The Princess" body forth the opinions on the woman's question held by the various classes of men. The easy-going Gama represents that portion of men who look with indifference on the progress and outcome of the question. The ways of Ida seem somewhat extravagant, but he does not wish to oppose her will. The Prince's father holds to the antiquated and barbarous notion, that "man is the hunter; and woman is the game." The jovial, straightforward, good-natured Cyril does not theorize at all. He is the impersonation of Nature and Love.

Lastly in the character of the prince, Tennyson sets forth his own views on the subject. And beautiful and touching is the scene opening to our view in the last canto. Ida watches by the bedside of the recovering Prince. The patient draws for her a charming picture of a model woman,—which must touch every one possessing a noble mother—in the lines beginning: "One not learned save in gracious house-hold ways."

How beautifully is the dignity and nobility of woman united to man in conjugal love pictured forth in the exquisite passage: "But woman is not undeveloped man, etc."

Tennyson then would have woman act an important and noble part in the affairs of humanity. By her softer, gentler qualities she is to ennoble man. She is to raise the standard of education

and civilization. But hers is not the duty, nor the propriety, nor the possibility to effect this by directly taking a leading part in the public affairs of the busy world. Her sphere, pulpit, kingdom, is the family circle. A model house-wife, diffusing by her noble feminine qualities light and happiness, she is to educate the world by training children of noble character. By making her sons, gentlemen; her daughters, gentlewomen; she becomes the most potent factor in human progress. In this manner every one of the fair sex may become a "miracle of noble womanhood" and a Princess with kings and nations beneath her sway.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '93.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS FORTUNE.

IT was a cold, dark night. Within a little cottage, that offered but poor shelter from the wind, sat a careworn figure. The few silvered locks that peeped from beneath her bonnet, told that the person had long passed the meridian of her life.

Gently she folded the book that lay near her on the table and dragged herself to the window. With trembling fingers she brushed the frost from the pane of glass, and gazed into the gloomy darkness. Supporting herself on the window-sill, she remained some time in this attitude, uttering, now and then, in half broken accents some little ejaculatory prayer.

The strain was too great for her poor, weak limbs, and she was forced to return to her chair. A large tear peeped from beneath her drooping eye-lids and becoming overbalanced, rolled down her wan cheek.

Suddenly the door flew open and the wind en-

tered with a howl, but chilled not half so severely the emaciated form in the chair, as did the scowl of the person who had entered. Unceremoniously he seated himself near the table, while silently the mother placed his supper before him. During the course of the meal, the mother in her kind and loving manner pictured to her son the dissoluteness of his past life. She begged him to discontinue his evil habits and not hasten her approaching end. But to all these maternal admonitions the son lent only a deaf ear.

Not long afterwards, the mother lay prostrate on her bed, and death was about to claim her as his victim. Slowly she raised her hand and pointed to a small stand on which stood a crucifix, mounted on a hollow wooden pedestal. The son turned to get it, but before he moved, the mother's hand dropped on the bed and her soul had quitted its earthly environment. The crucifix was left untouched. Covering the face of the corpse with one corner of the bed-spread, he left the room.

The death of his mother forced him to leave off his evil ways, at least until she was laid in the cold ground. This was no sooner done, when he surrendered himself to even a worse mode of living than he had hitherto done.

His former associates, one by one, began soon to forsake him. One even charged him with a heavy debt. The money was to be paid within a week, or he was to render ten years' service in the prison yards. That evening he returned to the cottage, and for the first time in many weeks he was sober.

Once in the house, he threw himself into a chair and meditated on the present and the past. How often, he soliloquized, have I not, ere my purse was drained, spent hours upon hours with them! And now they cast me away, and without

any fault of mine, would drag me to prison. I cannot escape them! The prison is my only lot, but I will rather go there than ever again court the society of such friends!

As he uttered this last sentence, he arose, walked to the little bureau and attempted to open the top drawer. As he did so, the crucifix tumbled to the floor, and exposed where it had stood, several pieces of gold, piled one upon the other.

For a moment he was speechless. A flood of recollections coursed through his mind. He thought he saw his mother still pointing to the crucifix and heard her say: "There lies the sacrifice of much comfort and enjoyment, and all for your sake. Take it, restore yourself to your former position and forsake the path you are treading."

The money paid his debts, but the crucifix saved him from temporal and eternal ruin.

VINCENT MUINCH, '98.

COBWEBS.

One day within my soft and cozy bed,
I did my weary head to sleep incline;
But once again the sleepy eyes of mine
Looked faintly at the ceiling overhead.
I saw, then, resting idly in his net
An ugly spider that before some time,
With painful care prepared the thread so fine,
Which all for catching flies were solely spread.

At seeing this a thought in me did rise
Of many a foolish man who does not see,
How nearly all the means which he applies
With zeal and pains so great as they can be,
Do serve for nothing but to catch mere flies,
Instead of merits for eternity. T. H. B. '98.

IN THE BRIGHT FIRE-GLOW.

There's Kipling, Hope and Howells
And other men of note
Who're telling stories nowadays
On which the people dote.
But for a joy that never fails
I believe I would prefer
To sit within the firelight
And hear my grandpap's tales.

They told me of the brownies,
And of the dread banshee,
That cries three times before a death
In any family;
And of the many eerie folk
In ruins, hills, and dales,
Told to me in the fire-glow
In the olden, golden long ago.

The fire-light is a tether
Which I am fain to hope
Will ever bind together
My old grandpap and me.
I'll ne'er forget the glories
In his wondrous tales and stories
That were told at close of day
With my gold locks among his gray.

Tonight I sit before the hearth,
But I sit here all alone,
And my grandpap tells angels' tales
Before the great white throne.

T. P. T. '99.

SHAKESPEARE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE REV. H. MEISSNER,
OF PERU, IND., BEFORE THE FACULTY AND
STUDENTS ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

(CONTINUED.)

BEAUTY is unity in variety and variety in unity. Nature is beautiful, because there is harmony, there is plan and unity in the millions of various things.

There are not less than seven hundred distinct individuals to be found in Shakespeare's plays, and yet no two of them are alike. As there are no two men alike in the world, there are no two alike in Shakespeare's world of the stage.

These seven hundred characters are taken from all stations and conditions and employments and all well portrayed: Kings, generals, statesmen, orators, poets, doctors, lawyers, teachers, clergymen, merchants, soldiers, sailors, druggists, tradesmen, farmers, mechanics, tavern-keepers, clowns, spirits, etc.

His representations of female characters are in no way inferior to those of the male. As the sphere of public action for ladies seems to be not so large as for men, and as only few men can feel as they do, we pardon the fact that even Schiller's female characters are nearly all of the same cast. But it is not so with Shakespeare. Here is the greatest variety. "In what sacred dust," exclaims a critic, "lies the hand which has delineated characters as sublime and terrible in their intensity as Lady Macbeth, Queen Margareth (the prophetess), Lady Constance; or as intellectually active as Beatrice, Portia, Isabella (Measure for Measure),

and Emilia (Othello); or so exquisitely gentle and affectionate as Juliet, Cordelia, Desdemona, Miranda." And these latter are again different from each other; Juliet appears fiery, Cordelia firm and frank, Desdemona patient and resigned, Miranda child-like and innocent even to ignorance of evil.

There is no affection, no passion of the soul that does not meet with some representatives in Shakespeare. There you find pride in Coriolanus and his mother, ambition in Macbeth, jealousy in Othello, devilish malice in Iago, envy in Aufidius, lust in Gloucester and the Queen in Hamlet, materialism personified in Falstaff, avarice in Shylock, wrath in Tybalt, cruelty in Richard III., hatred of mankind in Timon, cowardice in Parolles, slavish submission in Rosenkranz and Guildenstern, whimsical stubbornness as the fruit of a false education in Catherine (The Shrew) talkativeness in the nurse of Romeo and Juliet. You find valor in Talboth, patriotism in Macduff, the spirit of freedom in Brutus, frankness in Banquo, chastity in Juliet, patience in Desdemona, friendship in Horatio, manfulness in Portia (wife of Brutus).

One and the same virtue or vice may appear unlike in different individuals; and there we see the genius of Shakespeare that could so admirably copy the different colors of one and the same virtue or vice. Consider his models of friendship. The friendship of Menenius towards Coriolanus is one that finds itself happy in the advancement of the friend; it is a friendship more of the head than of the heart, more admiration than love. In Brutus and Cassius it is a link formed by common principles of freedom and patriotism; it is a friendship of principles, not of individuals. In Horatio and Hamlet heart is united to heart; they are of such disposition as to share mutually in all the chances of changeable fortune. I would call in this re-

spect Horatio the Jonathan, Hamlet, the David. In Mercutio it is more a similiarity of character that shows itself especially in the defence of the friend. In Antonio and Bassiano it reached the summit to sacrifice all for each other. Different is Timon's hatred of mankind from that of Jaques in the comedy "As You Like It!" Different is the jealousy of Othello from that of Leontes; different, Iago from Richard III.

However various as Shakespeare's characters may be, there is perfect harmony and unity in his plays, unity in the idea, unity in action, unity in the persons, unity in the different qualities of the person. *Shakespeare is in this sense the true copyist of nature.* Nature to a great extent varies in time and space, but howsoever large the intervals in history from event to event, in space from country to country may be, the same principles of action will recur in all ages and places. The development of facts will take its time, and an idea to be developed needs not be confined to this or that place; because it is the emanation of the creation of a spirit, and as the spirit as such is not confined to this or that space, or age, neither is the idea. Hence the gross error of former French Dramatists, who made it a rule for themselves, that the idea embodied in a play must be developed in one day; that the scene of action must be but one locality. Shakespeare bridges over the interval of time and space as nature does. In Winter's Tale sixteen years elapse between the third and fourth acts and as to space, he at times takes nearly a whole continent for his scenery in one and the same drama. In Antonio and Cleopatra all the grand divisions of the Eastern hemisphere are the scene of action.

But through these different places and times, and through the labyrinth of actions worked there-

in, we are guided with safety by the thread of Ariadne, that is: the idea which the drama is calculated to vindicate. This idea is carried and supported through the whole piece; it may meet with obstacles, but it breaks its course through them all, until finally it conquers. The idea in Hamlet, that justice requires punishment of crime and that one who, by his position as well as positive command is called upon to vindicate justice, will in case of neglect perish with the perpetrators of the crime, is seen fighting its way through till at the end it triumphantly hovers over the corpses of all those engaged in the fearful struggle.

To the main idea of every drama of our author the different actions are subservient. Even the comic scenes in his tragedies serve only to delineate, illustrate, and give a new vigor, new strength for the support of the idea and development of the actions. Nature herself lends her corresponding scenes to the workings of man. Has friendship saved the life of a friend, are the persons that have nobly acted for one common end flocking home to enjoy the fruits of their efforts, have those at home prepared table and music, ah! then it is the beauty of nature that smiles on the whole scene, and Lorenzo says to Jessica, his wife:

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet Harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey’d cherubins:—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”—

Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

But if in the stillness of night black souls work out the deeds of hell as in the second act of Macbeth, then "the owls scream and the crickets cry", and thus nature adds to the darkness of crimes her portion of gloom.

When unnatural children have taken everything from too kind a father and driven him out doors, then even nature revolts at such horrible ingratitude, and the poor gray-haired Lear, exposed to wind and rain, exclaims:

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Your cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drowned our cocks.
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts!
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!"

After the clown has made some appropriate remarks, Lear continues:

"Rumble thy belly full! spit fire! shout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription, why, then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engendered battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'Tis foul!"

King Lear, Act III., Sc. 2.

The division of every piece, as we have hinted already, is natural, every act is for itself a whole, a totum. The first act of Hamlet, the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice, the speech of Anthony in Julius Caesar, are each sufficient for itself to form a short play. However high the excitement may be in the middle of an act, the end is as quiet as an evening's rest after a day's noisy bustle. If the calm but firm tale of the ghost has brought

Hamlet into utmost excitement, then it is Shakespeare's masterly skill which tempers the storm so far, that Hamlet towards the end of the scene has even to quiet the ghost:

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

At the end of a play the spectator is perfectly satisfied; the principles of justice and morality have been upheld, the leading idea breaks like the sun through the clouds of adversity, and the end is calm, or to use a phrase of Hamlet: "the rest is silence."

FORMAL OR EXTERIOR BEAUTY IN THE DRAMA.

The drama represents action, The action of reasonable beings is adapted to language and thought. Hence, formal or exterior beauty in the drama consists in the perfect correspondence of action and thought to the character of the person. Shakespeare's kings speak like kings, like soldiers, his merchants, like such, the orator, the statesman, each one has his own language.

2. Actions to thoughts and words. Shakespeare's scenes are no mere narratives. There is in every one of his dramas more action than perhaps in all of any other poet. What a number of actions, for instance, are contained in Hamlet, Act I., last scene.

"But come;"—

"Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you at such times, seeing me, never shall

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As well, well, we know;—or, we could and if we would;—

Or if we list to speak;—or, there be, and if they might;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note—

That you know aught of me: this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you swear;"

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

3. Language to actions. So highly gifted was our author, that he is all to all. He is an orator, and no better examples of eloquence could be given than his well-known speech of Marc Anthony in Julius Caesar or that of Volumnia in Coriolanus. How fine are the rules of conversation laid down by Nathaniel in Love's Labors Lost (Act V., Scene I). How instructive are the lessons we find for actors in Hamlet. With what beautiful, nay, musical words and sentences are the affections of Romeo and Juliet expressed. How diplomatic are his statesmen, how smooth and versatile his courtiers, how soldierlike his warriors. What strong, nervy language is contained in the following lines borrowed from Henry V. (Act III., Scene 1), which are a most beautiful description of war:

"Once more into the wall, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favor'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass canon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean:
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height!"

4. Thought to language and actions. His thinking is most logical, deep and exhaustive. There is as much philosophy in Shakespeare as in many a work purposely written on philosophy. How logical are his arguments, how deep is his knowledge of the human heart, how admirably do his observations on mental and physical disorders,

on the action of those who linger and die under them agree with what doctors had to learn perhaps in many years. Dying persons want air and commence to swell, the clothes are too tight for them: "Pray you, undo this button", asks the dying king Lear.

Hence so many sentences in Shakespeare that have become proverbs, stationary phrases and household words. His language, as it were, is condensed in a few words or lines often contain a whole sermon; I will give you a few of them:

"Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 5.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgments."

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3.

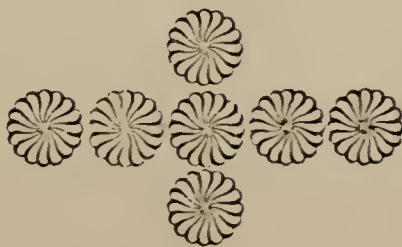
"Neither a borrower nor a lender be!
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Ibid.

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ." Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him, that ever fears he shall be poor." Ibid.

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor, indeed." Ibid.




THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

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FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99,

GUSTAVE DIDIER, '99.

EDITORIALS.

It may be of interest to former contributors to THE COLLEGIAN (and among these are almost all former students) to learn that the first three volumes of their journal have been bound in one book. It is delightful to turn its pages; they teem with items of interest and—information. The wise sayings of the first editor, and the first reporter's first joke, all meet the eye. Unfortunately, however, there are only three copies of this valuable book and these we are loath to part with. Care will be

taken for the future that enough copies are preserved for a larger number of volumes. The present size of THE COLLEGIAN is well adapted for book form and the book-binders will spare no pains to give the volumes an attractive appearance.

THE examinations and the spiritual exercises are now engaging our attention. The former are a period of mental, the latter of spiritual exertion. Both are very important and should, therefore, be carefully attended to. While we can now do but little to shape the result of the examinations, for this is dependent upon the entire half-year's work, it remains with us to decide, whether the retreat shall be a spiritual success. We have doubtless decided this matter affirmatively and young men act on their decision.

FATHER SCHAEPER has again favored us with a letter from Italy, which is as instructive as it is amusing. Our readers will be, doubtless, very much pleased with his interesting description of the country and people in Italy. It is surprising how Father Schaeper can write these beautiful letters in the short intervals between missions which, to judge even from his own account, must tax his powers of mind and body very severely. Many thanks, dear Father, for these tokens of kind remembrance to your American friends.

IN the recent debate, Resolved, that the obligatory study of Greek be eliminated from the college curriculum, a gentleman on the negative produced an argument which but few students recognized as the strongest one in the debate. He said that the study of Greek is a means to a higher education and as such an end in itself. Our main purpose in studying this noble language is the

training of the mind, and if Greek is so highly calculated to effect this, as the speaker claimed, its study is certainly an end in itself. To a man of education the Hellenic tongue has real practical advantages though these do not at once appear in the shape of hard silver dollars. This language presents its devotees with a check to the culture and mode of thinking of the Greeks. If we take pains to cash this check to its full amount it will bring us material and intellectual riches. The Greek mode of thinking is of a remarkable simplicity, which the best translations cannot convey. The mental culture of the Greeks is in every way superior to ours and to a man of noble aims its acquisition is well worth years of study. Neither must we overlook the philologic value of Greek which a student of English cannot overestimate. We should therefore abandon the wrong idea that the study of Greek gives us no results equivalent to the time and labor consumed, for it gives infinitely more.

DURING the last week of December the situation of Father Mark made us fear the worst for our loved professor. The crisis is now passed, and we are happy to know that he is recovering. But the progress is as yet very slow, and his long absence from the class-room is sorely felt.



EXCHANGES.

It is now in order to hope that the maiden, whom popular prejudice holds as typical of the New Year, will bestow a great many of her smiles and very few of her frowns upon all our exchanges. The verse in the Christmas numbers was of a very high order; an improvement in this respect has been made along the line this year. It has been contended with right by some of our exchanges that, though the thought is not to be subordinated to form, the latter merits equal attention. The "vision and the faculty divine" is to the few rather than to the many; and for this reason the chief end of college should be the attainment of felicitous expression. Good taste was likewise much in evidence, especially in the exchange columns, where even the most belligerent editors forgot to grate upon their scrannel pipes with customary energy.

We congratulate the members of the AGNETIAN staff upon their "best efforts." The appreciations of the poetic output of Faber, Whittier, and Moore give evidence of much sympathy in the writers for their subjects. Of more than passing interest were the two sparkling essaylets on "Christmas" and "Elocution"; the latter was both pertinent and timely.

"Who Believe Not Nor Love" in the Christmas DIAL is a gem both as to the thought and its weaving into verse. Mr. Stoddard's recent book has called forth many comments; none so adequate as Gonzaga's vivid talk on the loathness of Catholic authors to labor in so inviting a field as the writing of the lives of the Church's saints would seem to be.

The S. U. C. STUDENT for New Year's excels, in our opinion, any previous issue. In "Christmas Jewels for the King," the poet and the metrist succeed in producing verses worthy the lofty theme they celebrate.

The STYLUS continues to maintain the *haut gout*, which has ever characterized it in times past. Really clever work from all the classes appears in each issue; the which can be said of but few other journals. Concerning the editorial on Lowell, it may be remarked that the editor is somewhat generous to one period of this gentleman's patriotism, which was distinctly Bayardese.

The forte peculiar to the MOUNTAINEER seems to lie in able reviewing of famous men of letters. An article of this nature is seldom so well and thoroughly worked out as that in the December number on the "Genius of John Keats." Not less happy is the Mountain verse. "The Viol and the Bow" is more lavishly embellished than the "Knight's Guerdon", but it is scarcely so vivid and highly polished as the latter.

The Xavier's exchange man made a puerile attempt at ridiculing the remarks which we made regarding that paper in our November number. Judging from the tone of his reply and his manner of reasoning, we believe him to be very splenetic. We will refrain from replying to his "criticism" of the 'nodding Collegian', since it is ridiculously silly. Regarding our former remarks, we wish to say that they are entirely consistent. We pointed out the defects of two articles and criticised the exchange editor's utterances and in the last three lines acknowledged the 'general excellence of the Xavier'. If we had not given this acknowledgment our criticism would have left the impression that we had found more defects than points of merit, and it would have been unjust. The latter

were not individually mentioned, because they were not so conspicuous as the former, though, we are pleased to say, much more numerous. No logical mind can find herein an inconsistency. Nor were we so serenely ignorant as to object to any words on account of their dimensions; it was their irrelevancy to which we took objection.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE FEDERAL JUDGE. A Novel by Charles K. Lush. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, New York, Chicago.

This book deserves to be regarded as one of the most notable of recent works of fiction. The author displays unusual talent in pointing out the qualities and powers of the American mind, and in doing this he is strikingly truthful. The incidents as well as the general character of the story are intensely dramatic, without professing to be such, and the language is throughout a fit vehicle for the thought and feelings. If this is the author's first work of fiction, which we may surmise with some reason, it shows, that there is an equal to Marion Crawford, in the person of Mr. Charles Lush. Two of the recent stirring events of our civil life, strikes and injunctions, and the questions which have agitated the public mind for years: monopoly, political bossism, and hypnotism are handled with great skill and with good results in this novel, but it purposes to deal only with the force of environment. If this book should meet with public favor, it would be as favorable a tribute to American intelligence and nobility of mind and heart as the work itself.

TENNYSON'S THE PRINCESS by Albert S.

Cook. Publishers Ginn & Company, Boston.

The value of this edition is much enhanced by the completeness of its explanatory notes. The copious critical comments prefixed set forth the opinions of several of Tennyson's ablest critics. In the suggestions to students the reader is systematically taught how to reap from the study of *THE PRINCESS* the greatest possible enjoyment and profit.

From the Maynard, Merrill & Co., publishing house, New York, we have received the following classics: *THE ANCIENT MARINER* by S. T. Coleridge, *DANISH FAIRY TALES* by Hans Christian Anderson, *SAMUEL JOHNSON* by Lord Macaulay, *THE PUBLIC DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN* by George William Curtis, *SELF-RELIANCE AND COMPENSATION* by Emerson, and *THE PRINCESS* by Tennyson.

The argument to the *ANCIENT MARINER* is a valuable feature. The *FAIRY TALES* are admirably calculated to develop the fancy and imagination of the young. A 'Rhetorical Analysis' to *THE PUBLIC DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN* directs the student's attention to the model construction of that oration. Each of the booklets contains a complete biographical sketch of its author and comments of the most eminent critics. Another feature not to be overlooked is, that the size of these little classics is such as enables the student to carry them without inconvenience with him when traveling; thus affording him a chance to saturate his mind with noble classic thought instead of vitiating his taste by reading the ephemeral trash usually offered him on such occasions.

MASTER FRIDOLIN and *THREE KINGS* written by Emmy Giehrl are two beautiful Christmas

stories recently published by Benziger Brothers. Price of each, 25 cents.

“Master Fridolin” shows the wonderful workings of Divine Providence. On Christmas morn while the faces of four happy children are radiant with joy at the sight of few but thankfully received Christmas gifts, the Fridolins find a little wailing child exposed at their door. The unhappy foundling is received and, as no clue of her descent can be detected, the beautiful little girl is brought up in the family. After eleven years the rich and noble parents, from whom little Christine was robbed, are discovered about Christmas by a series of interesting occurrences, and the poor but honest joiner family is richly rewarded for their charity.

“The Three Kings” is the story of three boys going about after a pious custom to sing the praises of the new-born babe. Their interesting travel, especially the lovely and pathetic scenes at the castle Felseck are related in a touching manner. Little Hanseli, the hero, saves the inmates of the castle from imminent destruction by revealing a devilish plot accidentally discovered. Previous exhaustion and this momentary terror throws his tender body on the sickbed and his life is despaired of. But to the great joy of the lovely little countess her play-mate recovers. The story closes by showing us Hanseli at the altar celebrating his first mass, and the young countess receiving the bridal blessing from the consecrated hands of her “dear Hanseli.” The stories are well conceived and developed, but should have been written in a lighter vein to please children.



A PAINTING.

YOU are introduced into the famous arena. In the fore-ground of the picture you behold a gentle Roman virgin lying motionless with outstretched limbs on the sand. The long snow-white robe is flowing in ample folds around her tender frame. A small, plain cross, the weapon and escutcheon of the valiant combatant is gliding from her powerless fingers. Her eyes are already closed in death. Her calm brow, the noble features of her countenance, eliciting our pity and admiration, proclaim to the world that she has died with joy, died the death of a Christian martyr, conscious of the near approach of her heavenly bridegroom. Her hair, as it rolls in rich locks from her shoulders, mingles with the stream of blood, issuing from a wound in the neck. The fierce lion appearing at her side has just retraced his paw from the gaping wound. His blood-stained mouth, his rich, bristling mane, his blood-shot eyes staringly fixed on the tender virgin, produce a horrid impression when seen aside of his lovely, innocent prey. Near the head of the virgin lies a shield and a broken sword, left there perhaps by some fierce gladiator who had amused the brutal populace until he was dragged away conquered. The tiers of the arena, packed with crowds of demoralized Romans, fiercely enjoying the savage spectacle displayed before their lusty eyes, form the background of the picture. The painting just described is one of Mr. G. Heimburger's productions. It is not our purpose, nor is it in our ability, to give a thorough criticism of the painting from a standpoint of art. So much, however, may be said that Mr. Heimburger de-

cidedly outdid all his previous efforts. The fine effect produced by the judicious introduction of light and shade is especially noteworthy. The picture had been put up in the college auditorium on the night before the rendition of the drama, St. Vitus. All our guests and most of the inmates of the college, too, were very agreeably surprised on beholding the picture in so proper a place at so proper a moment. It carried the minds and imagination of all at once back to the scenes of historic Rome, to the heroic times of the Christian martyrs and thus put them into a very favorable mood to witness the drama about to be rendered.

D. A. BRACKMAN, '98.

MAJOR J. ANDRE.

BY the highly creditable rendition of Major J. Andre on the 21st of December, the C. L. S. showed that it commands at present as much youthful vigor and manly power as ever before.

The play is too well known to every American to admit here of an explanation regarding its development. As to its rendition it was unanimously voted a complete success. All the players had donned a disposition suited to their gorgeous costumes. They evidently moved in an atmosphere of the colonial days; there was a martial air about every one, and the fire of patriotism blazing in the hearts of the actors was equally kindled in the lookers-on.

Mr. U. Frenzer, as Major Andre, exhibited an abundance of tragical talent. The valiant Major captured the sympathy of the audience so well, that every one would have exclaimed with Gen. Hamilton: "Never man died so justly and de-

served death so little," The difficult character of Andre's father was very ably impersonated by Mr. D. Neuschwanger. The performance of Mr. F. Seroczyinski, as Sir Clinton, bespoke a close knowledge and effective execution of the rules and requirements of the histrionic art. Mr. T. Travers had masterly donned the despicable character of Arnold and succeeded in earning at the same time the real contempt and hearty applause of the audience. Mr. Rapp, as Col. Carleton, appeared martial, fiery, decisive. The characters of Putnam and Steuben were impersonated with naturalness and vigor by Messrs. J. Steinbrunner and E. Deininger respectively. The speech of Mr. P. Sailer, as Gen. Green, to the Generals in court was delivered with exactness and expression. Mr. L. Rausch, the Page, by his alacrity, precision and promptness convinced the audience that one may gain laurels without being the star player. Mr. J. Boeke, as Tory Smith, Mr. H. Fehrenbach, as Van Wert, and especially Mr. J. Morris, as Williams played their parts very ably and much amused the audience by excellently bringing forth the tragic-comic element. Most of the remaining roles were creditably acted.

The grouping of the final tableau was very tasteful. The corpses of Major Andre and of his father were seen in the centre of the group. Between them appeared the sorrowful countenance of the young page. On one side the American generals were drawn up beneath the Red, White, and Blue, while on the other side the despairing Clinton and Arnold stood terrified and ready for flight. The tableau was a thing of beauty and created sentiments of glowing patriotism mingled with a deep pathos.

That the study of elocution is a thing eminently practical was made manifest by the action

of the players in general. Father Maximilian may with reason congratulate himself on the success his strenuous efforts in this branch met with. His scholars, especially the players, thankfully realize that they owe a great debt to the untiring endeavors of their professor.

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

It is not very often that I get a chance of rambling in the mountains and undergoing the difficulties which tourists experience while climbing the Alps. With our Fathers of fifty years ago, it was almost an ordinary thing in the absence of railroads and good roads.

Last November the Missions we were called to give in the Diocese of Narni (Umbria) offered me that chance, and now I wish to relate what I experienced on my visit to an obscure parish called Castiglione, since it left so deep an impression on my mind as well as on my body.

This visit was not on our programme. The Bishop, however, had told us about this parish, numbering about 30 families, that have no resident priest, and complain of being abandoned souls. He said it would really please him, and give immense satisfaction to that population if we went to preach to them even for a few days; but he dare not ask such a favor, as the place was almost inaccessible to people accustomed to city-life, and too many privations would be connected with our way, no matter how short.

We decided, however, to go with a view also of holding a mission in the country, which would be different from the two city-missions, where no comfort of human life was wanting. It would do us good, we thought, to live a few days outside of the bustling world.

While my companion remained half a day to finish the first Mission, I left at noon on Nov. 21st; and partly on a wagon, partly with the train, I went to Stroncone.

At this railroad station my adventures began, I knew that the rest of the journey had to be made on horseback. When I enquired whether the steed, which was to carry me to Castiglione, was ready: "Dear me!" exclaimed the railroad employee, as he glanced at my good American satchel, and at my Sunday-clothes—"what crime have you

committed, to be punished with relegation at Castiglione?"

Yes, an antediluvian conveyance awaited me; the same as the one with which Baalam traveled. Really I must have looked pretty much like a traveling prophet when I got on the tired beast's back; or, more correctly, I felt as though I was impersonating the great Don Quixote, in quest of adventures.

I had hardly begun my pre-historic journey, when the first remarkable thing occurred; it was not the sight of a wind-mill, but of straw with which the road was diligently bestrewn for a long distance. The straw in the water may show the direction of the current, but when scattered nicely along the middle of the street it indicates something else at Stroncone. Upon noticing the track, my talkative guide, and many persons who were on their way home from a fair, assured me that a wedding had taken place that morning in town, and that the line of straw reached way up to the door of the Church, where the ceremony had been performed. The young man to whom the girl refuses her hand, scatters straw along the road, from the groom's house to the church.

When we reached the outskirts of the town the conversation about marriages was interrupted, to give place to many hearty salutations, when the company turned toward their homes and my guide and I left the highroad, and turned to the mountains; but pretty soon the subject was resumed, as we met a young couple on the way to the neighboring hamlet called Coppe, where they had held their wedding that very morning.

Now we entered into the mountain pass, whence only from time to time we get a glance at the valley beyond the ridge. A solitary chapel may be seen on the bank of the river beneath and situated at equal distance from two villages built on an eminence on each side of the river, facing one another. My guide tells me that this church belongs to both villages, and is used by turns. On the Patron-feast a fair is held within the precincts, and finally a race decides which of the two populations are going to have control of the church for the following year. At the entrance of each village a number of young men, at a given signal, begin a desperate run from opposite directions. He who first reaches the church down in the valley, obtains for his town the privilege of officiating in it during the next year. Thus the question is decided every year, and I am told that this sort of competition has created no animosity between them,

but on the contrary their neighborly feelings are wonderfully cemented thereby.

As we journeyed on it grew dark, and my animal's energies were declining very fast; yet one may trust in the sagacity of a mule on a journey like this, leading over narrow disastrous passes, along awful precipices and ravines, as the beast very seldom, if ever, will place its hoof amiss. It remained for me to look up henceforth to the stars, as there was little to be seen on earth and as we were continuously ascending, getting nearer and nearer to the firmament. The air was pure, the sky wonderfully beautiful and attractive. When I remarked to my guide that it was strange that no decent road was built through this pass, which must otherwise have been frequented by so many people living in this district for the last 2,000 years, he told me that, according to a local tradition, when our Lord created the world and scattered streets and rivers everywhere, he forgot to pass here. Another tradition relates that our blessed Savior traveling through this Province, lost his road right here.

After three long hours I finally reached a hamlet called Finocchieto. There was no lantern to show me the irregularities of its streets, and the disgusting architecture of its houses. This pleasure was stored up for me when I returned towards the civilized world a few days later in the broad light of midday. Here I was welcomed by the priest who occasionally visits Castiglione, and had been up there that morning to make arrangements for the little mission, at which he could not be present as his duties called him elsewhere. Here I stayed over night, wondering all the time what a great spirit of abnegation one must possess in order to be satisfied with the horrible dwelling which stands for a parsonage and affords anything but the commodities of the humblest American farmer-life.

The next morning at day-break, I was once more on the journey, in company with a second guide, climbing another mountain, partly on foot, and partly on horseback. Quite an interesting conversation arose between us and an illiterate farmer who was on his way to another village. He had traveled considerably, and concluded from what he had experienced that when people have no religion they are worse than brutes, and he could not conceive what induced the present government to wage war against religion and its priests, when the lower classes of people have only this one consolation in their poverty and sufferings viz., the religious service of their church, and the soothing word of their

priest who is their best friend and a true democrat.

When the sun arose in its full glory from behind the mountains, I reached Castiglione. The name is rather imposing, and leads us to believe that some thousand years ago a stately castle was standing here. At present it indicates about a dozen small houses of poor fabric and unsightly appearance, huddled together and partly surrounding an uncomely little church. The irregular narrow spaces between some of these houses are called streets, and a larger opening about 12x20 yards is called the square. The castle is perched on the top of a mountain about 1800 feet above sea-level, affording a view along the valley of the Tiber way down to Rome which is partly visible on a clear day.

My companion joined me a few hours later, tired, worn-out and disheartened. The impression was that such awful traveling and so ugly a resting place was too much for a winter excursion. Indeed we had little or no trouble to take care for the souls of these good people, and for our own souls, but the difficulty arose when it came to find the means of keeping body and soul together. Our host and several men and women put their heads together to decide the great question; what was to be our first meal. After thinking many teeth loose they concluded with a kind of triumphant complacency that it was to be macaroni. "Yes, macaroni, are the best," said the sexton (one of the committee on victuals), as he brought me the joyful news into the sacristy. The resolution was carried out, without any addition. To expect more would seem like prevailing upon the culinary wisdom of the antiquarian committee.



LOCALS.

“Repetition without preparation is tyranny.”
—Pinebrook.

The Altar Boys' Society is being organized by Father Bonaventure.

Student of literature class: “Did you read Ruskin's chapter on stove-pipes?”—His friend: “On chimneys, you meant to say.”

Ersing to Meyer: “Have you my companion in your desk?” M. “What companion do you mean? E. “Why, The Poet's Companion.”

Poets are like watches: they can't do without “Spring.”

Father Bonaventure's Latin class is smiling over the advent of two new doctors, Messrs. Kohne and Rumely.

Uphaus says, a man who bets is bad enough, but a man who doesn't bet is no better.

Mu(t)ch was prepared for the semi-annual examinations, which took place the latter part of this month.

The St. B. L. S. are practising the opera “Catilina”, which will be rendered in the near future.

Panther thinks he is getting a hare lip, because he eats so many rabbits.

The semi-annual examinations began on the 21st of January and lasted till the 26st. We hope every one reached the “safety point”.

The students of the north-side study-hall were lately permitted to witness “The Hermit”, a play rendered at the Ellis opera house by the

On account of the decease of his mother, Mr. E. Cullen could not return from his holiday vacation before January the 14. We express our sincerest condolence toward our popular fellow-student in his sad bereavement.

The other night John Morris asked the prefect to go to bed before bed-time, saying he had a pimple on his face.

Mr. Heinrich has either studied astronomy or has at least great talents for the study, judging from the great number of stars and comets he cuts when on the ice.

Tuts (with naivete to barber.) "Say, Rudy, have I got no stickers on my face yet like some of those big fellows?"

The students' heads are bowing low. The only reason for this is apparently the steady accumulation of wisdom and knowledge. After the semi-annual examinations, we suppose, the aspect will be quite changed.

The Minims walk about wearing two-inch standing collars, hair parted in the middle, heads toward the sky, hands sunk deep into the pockets, humming: "You can't play in our club-room."

Since the new building is occupied, a need for a greater supply of water is felt. Of course, we could not clamor for Moses as did the Israelites. The derrick and borer must do the work. They already "struck the rock", but must have doubted, for the water does not flow.

The following names have since Christmas been added to the students' list: Messrs. H. Bremerkamp, A. Recker, A. Holthaus, A. McMurray, and A. Cullen. We are pleased to state also that Mr. J. Burke, who had left us on account of ill health, has returned and left the last trace of illness beyond the Mississippi.

Rensselaer "Firemen". They report a pleasant intellectual treat.

The students have all returned with holiday faces. In contrast with the boisterous turmoil of city life or the enchantments of rural solitude, the majority hold to the idea that

"A happy medium between the two is still
Our peaceful halls and groves of Collegeville."

One of the students had a little mishap in skating. He must have depended upon the law of specific gravity, that man is lighter than water. His companions, however, had much fun, and the thought of Virgil occurred to them

"Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda."

The St. B. L. S. has converted their success with the play, St. Vitus, recently rendered at the College, into at triumph at Hammond, Ind., where they reproduced it in the largest opera house by request of Rev. M. Plaster.

The college choir has recently received considerable re-enforcement. All the students had to stand a trial in the line of do-re-mi, etc. After the director had selected the best, he said that he had good timber now. A Junior, however, misstook the term and felt offended. "I am no block-head, or whatever he means by timber." By this time he is better informed. The choir attempts to make a point at Gregorian chant, and is doing it successfully.

The minims are exceptionably favored. They have a library and a reading-room; a club-room, and a gymnasium with a liberal outfit. It is a treat to spend a few moments with them.

The annual triduum will as usual follow the examinations. Vy. Rev. A. Oechtering of Mishawaka, Ind., will again conduct the retreat. He has also promised us a lecture on Sunday the 30th. Upon

learning these facts, the students were gladly surprised, for both the wholesome instructions received from the lips of Father Oechtering as also his excellent lecture on Mezzofanti are still in the minds of all.

On the second of January, the students that celebrated the holidays at College were allowed by the Rev. Rector the pleasures of an excursion to Remington. It is needless to remark that their host, Father John Berg, always a warm and most popular friend of the students, treated them royally, so that all declared themselves excellently rewarded for having braved the rather severe cold. They wish to extend their sincerest thanks to their esteemed host for his liberal hospitality. Father John may be assured always to meet with a cordial welcome by the Fathers and students at St. Joseph's.

Examination questions heard out-doors: "Hello, Bones, how did you fare in Religion?" B. "Oh, I stood it three rounds." "Trapper, how'd you get along in Greek?" T. "Well, I made two touch-downs." "Zounds, Flossy, what's the matter with you? Did you have a scrap with Samson?" Fl. "No, why? I just came from the Algebra class-room." Question: "How does his look compare with his examination paper?"

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop paid the College a visit last month. He was accompanied by Fathers Bleckmann, Plaster, and Lemper.

Mr. T. J. Cullen, proprietor of the well-known Denison Hotel in Indianapolis, brought his little son to the College. Master Albert Cullen does not feel lonesome, for he has the company of his elder brother Edgar. Mr. Cullen was accompanied by Miss J. A. Minor. Owing to a press of work at

home he was unable to prolong his visit beyond a few hours.

The feast of Christmas was this year celebrated at the college with more solemnity than ever before. There were two solemn highmasses, one at five, the other at eight o'clock A. M. At the first one, the Rev. Rector officiated as celebrant, assisted by Father Edward, and the scholastics Messrs. Reitz and Kuhnmench as deacon, subdeacon, and master of ceremonies respectively. At eight o'clock Father Edward was celebrant, Father Augustin deacon, Father Frank Schalk, subdeacon, and Mr. Reitz master of ceremonies. Father Augustine preached the brief but impressive sermon of the day. The choir surprised us with the Missa S. Clementis by P. Piel, and several fine Christmas carols. After highmas the students present extended their Christmas wishes to the Rev. Rector, who in return gave them a picture of the historic Bambino. He amused them for a considerable time by relating interesting anecdotes concerning the church where that image is kept and about his travels in Italy in general. Much of the free time was spent in admiring and trying to diminish the mountain of goodies hauled up from the refectory. Solemn Vespers having been attended, the remaining part of the afternoon was spent with much merriment on the crystalline surface of the Iroquois.

Father Maximilian's class in English Literature devotes every Saturday to the study of Shakespeare's dramas. During the previous month "The Merchant of Venice" has been thoroughly studied. The principal parts are distributed among the members to be memorized. The class-hours are spent in the auditorium in properly reciting and acting selections on the stage. "Hamlet" will next be taken up in the same manner.

The higher class in German literature has up to this time been occupied with the study of Goethe. His principal dramas were read and explained in the class-room. The next class has devoted considerable time to the study of the "Nibelungen-lied" and "Gudrun."

Father Chrysostom's Latin class has of late begun to translate Cicero's Letters.

On account of Father Mark's illness, some changes will be made in the Faculty at the beginning of the second term. It has not yet transpired who will take his place.

Rev. B. Dickman, C. PP. S., who was pastor of St. Augustine's parish, Rensselaer, during the last year, has been transferred to Nashville, Tenn. Quite a number of the diocesan clergy came to bid him farewell, thereby attesting the great popularity which he had acquired during his short stay in the diocese. A local paper speaks in the highest terms of his eloquence and popularity.

The C. L. S. is rehearsing The Double Triumph a sacred drama. The time of rendition has not yet been decided.

THE COLLEGIAN tenders to Father Benedict sincere condolence upon the demise of his mother December the 25th, who had attained the rare old age of eighty-five years.

By an oversight it was forgotten to subjoin to the Roman Correspondence, the words, to be continued.



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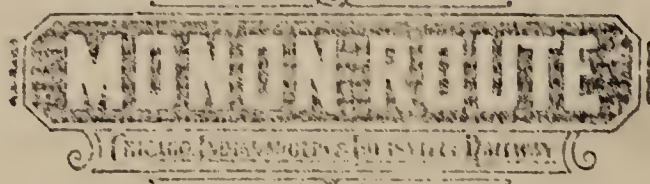
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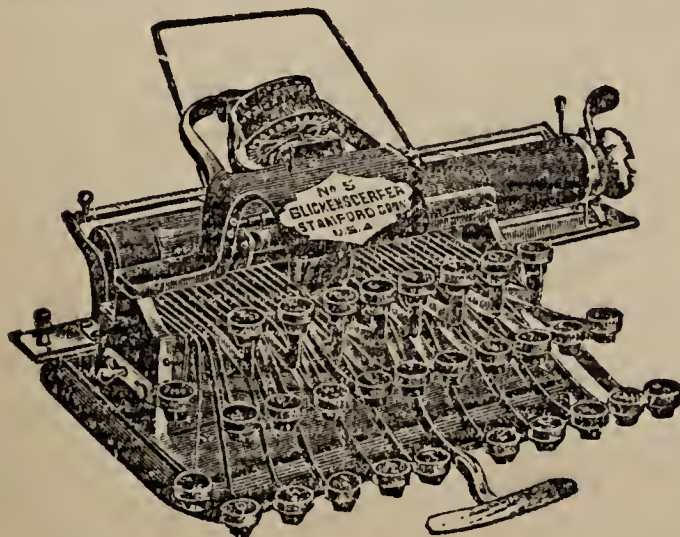
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